

THE ELITE

Millinery and Furnishings

SPECIAL SALE

EVERYTHING AT REDUCED PRICES

Sale on all Millinery Goods. Must reduce stock at once.

Furnishing Goods all go at special low prices. Call and see us

L. & G. B. Anderson

Benton County Lumber Co.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

Fir Lumber, Mouldings, Cedar Posts, Sawed and Split. Cedar Shakes

Dealers in

Doors, Windows, Lime, Brick, Cement, Shingles, etc

Occidental Lumber Co.

Successors to:
Corvallis Lumber Co.

We are here to supply your needs in the Lumber line. Please call on J. B. IRVING for information and prices. And take notice that if we have not got exactly what you want we will get it for you.

G. O. BASSETT, Local Mgr.

WOODS BROTHERS GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

Prompt attention given to repairing all kinds of gasoline engines, autos, bicycles. Plows and axes sharpened. Saws filed. All work guaranteed satisfactory and done on short notice. Give us a call. We can please you. Located back of Beal Bros' blacksmith shop on Second street. Phone No. 3145 Ind.

Woods Brothers CORVALLIS, OREGON

The Best Paint

There is no better paint made for appearance and durability than

Acme Quality Paint

Specially prepared for exterior and interior use.

"FLOOR VARNISH THAT WEARS"

A. L. Miner

WALL PAPER AND PAINT STORE
Second Street, Near Palace Theater

YOU GET WHAT WE GET AND WE PROVE IT

Our books are open for your inspection. Buyers name given if wanted. We not only get top prices, but you can satisfy yourself absolutely at any time that you get what we get. **PROMPT CASH RETURNS** Ship your produce to us. Write to us now for coops, tags, etc.

SOUTHERN OREGON COMMISSION CO.
W. H. McCORQUODALE, Prop. 95 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

The Sleeper

A Story of Escape From Russian Tyranny.

By THERESA C. HOLT.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Anna Nickalaevna after her day's work—she was a schoolteacher in Berlin—climbed the stairs to her garret. The days were short, and the twilight had died away. An exile from Russia for the crime of educating the peasants, she now used her own education as a means to a living in the German capital.

Anna Nickalaevna was an orphan. Her father and mother had died when she was a child. She had had a brother, but he had been conscripted for the Japanese war. She had heard that he was killed in battle. A younger sister, Sonia, had disappeared after Anna's flight, supposedly for some political offense, and Anna had not heard from her in years. Whether her sister was in a Siberian prison or dead she did not know. One who had been in the prisons of Siberia had told her that her sister was not there. It was therefore to be supposed that she was dead. As one year succeeded another and none of her relatives could send any word of the missing girl Anna at last came to consider her sister dead. She experienced that awful loneliness one feels at being the last of a family.

The exile opened the door of her room and was about to strike a light when she heard some one breathing. She did not give way to fright—first, because she was made of sterner stuff, and, second, the breathing seemed to come from a sleeper. Nevertheless she had always had some expectation of extradition and had kept a revolver in her bureau drawer, resolved to die rather than be dragged back to Russia. Instinctively she pulled the drawer open and grasped the weapon. Then she stood and listened. The breathing was evidently that of one sleeping.

Another would have inferred that some one had come into her room and fallen asleep. But Anna Nickalaevna had been hunted in her own country, had made a long and perilous journey in constant fear of capture from eastern Russia to the border, and ever since she had lived in the expectation of either arrest by Russian agents under a trumped up criminal charge or spirited away by them illegally. As she listened to the breathing she formed plans for action in case the sleeper were an enemy.

But, feeling that the enemy—if such it were—was at a disadvantage and not likely to be easily awakened, she resolved to make some move to find out more about who was in the room. She crept toward the bed, where the sleeper lay. Standing at its foot, she stealthily put out her hand to feel. She drew it away quickly. She felt a man's boot.

Anna thought of every probable or possible occurrence to account for a man sleeping in her room. She did not understand how one could have gained access there. The fraulein who rented rooms would only admit men in case they were of the same family as her women lodgers. As the breathing continued heavily she resolved upon further investigation. Going again to the bed, she put out her hand. One cannot easily move in a straight line in the dark, and this time she struck the other end, for, extending her hand, it rested on a face. She was relieved that there was no beard on it.

All fear of danger was now gone. Going to where she kept her matches, she took the box and, again approaching the bed, stood near the sleeper and struck a light. She started. After all, the sleeper was a woman. One foot with a man's boot on it extended below the skirt—if the tattered garment could be called a skirt—but the sleeper's face was turned away.

The match burned out, and Anna struck another one, bending over to get a different view. A start, a suppressed exclamation, the burning match dropped to the floor, and again all was darkness. Scratching another, she lighted a lamp, and, taking it to the bed, she held it before the face of the sleeper. The first happiness she had known in years was expressed in her own face.

It was Sonia, her lost sister. But, oh, that tired, hunted look! The cheeks and eyes were sunken, and the body seemed to be only bones and rags. Anna gazed, and despite the gladness in her heart she sighed. But she had been through all this herself and was now strong. Sonia, now that there were no more weary night journeys under the stars, hidings in huts or snowdrifts by day, would be herself again, and—the loneliness that was breaking down Anna would be no more.

Leaving her treasure to sleep on, she opened her larder, put the samovar on the stove and stood ready to furnish food when Sonia should awaken. Then she went back to the bed and feasted on the loved one with hungry eyes.

She did not intend to awaken her sister, but she could not help taking the risk of putting her arms about her. Piled and worn as was the fugitive, the fear under which she had so long lived awakened her with a start, but the sight of Anna transfigured it to happiness. Without a word the two were locked in each other's arms. How it all came about could wait.

The story came later, or a brief synopsis of it, over a cozy supper and a cup of hot tea. But it was one of thousands, all alike as to their suffering, but of infinite variety as to details. When it was told Anna said: "Sonia, dear, I have saved a thousand marks. Let us go to that country where tyranny does not exist—America."

HARRIS Has Them Ladies' Slippers

A New Line of Vici and Patent Colt. The very latest styles and marked at the lowest prices.

Colored Umbrellas

A choice assortment, just the right thing for this sunshine weather, in Taffeta and Pongee.

Clothing at a Big Discount

For Men and Boys in the newest patterns and all grades. Prices cut to suit every pocket book.

Buster Brown Shoes

We are **SOLE AGENTS** here for this Popular Line.

J. H. HARRIS

PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW at our expense

A CHOICE OF FOUR

FREE TRIPS

IS OFFERED YOU

SEATTLE DURING ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

YOSEMITE VALLEY

LAKE TAHOE

ALL YOUR EXPENSES PAID

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THE EAST WHO WANT TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST WE CAN ARRANGE IT

This is your Opportunity

For complete information address

Sunset Travel Club

Room 16, Flood Bld'g
San Francisco

THE DAILY GAZETTE

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME